Prisoner of the Sun

(GLISS, SHILL and FASH are female.)
GLISS: Get this door open.
(Struggling to open door.)
SHILL: It won't. She's done something to it. We need Fash.
GLISS: Fash, get down here now. We...
FASH: I heard you the first time.
SHILL: Get inside the system and unlock this door.
FASH: I've told you, one of you needs to learn to do this for yourselves.
SHILL: You're the manipulation expert, that's your job.
FASH: Well, what if I quit, or die? It's simple really. Once you've melted your hand into the system core, you search for the information chip...
GLISS: We'll learn how to do it, but not now. This is an emergency.
FASH: What's happening?
GLISS: The prisoner's being attacked by his assistant.
FASH: What? How.
GLISS: Hopefully, we'll find that out. There.
(Struggle.)
GLISS: Step away from him.
(CHLOE sounds like LUCIE MILLER)
CHLOE: You're too late. The Doctor's dead anyway.
GLISS: Grab her.
CHLOE: No!
GLISS: Contact the Ministry and ask them what they want us to do with her.
CHLOE: Don't you want to know why I did it?
GLISS: I honestly couldn't care less. It's the Ministry's job to find out.
(Struggle by CHLOE.)
GLISS: Are you really dead, Doctor?
(THE DOCTOR gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: I wasn't far off. I thought if I played dead, she might give up. How did you know?
GLISS: I know you. You don't die as easily as that.
THE DOCTOR: I shall take that as a compliment.

ELECTRONIC FEMALE VOICE: Consciousness online. Visual sensors online. Audio sensors online.
THE DOCTOR: Ah. Pleased to meet you. I'm the Doctor.
ELECTRONIC FEMALE VOICE: Olfactory sensors online. Tactile sensors online.
THE DOCTOR: What about taste sensors?
ELECTRONIC FEMALE VOICE: Not equipped.
THE DOCTOR: No. They never do. Don't worry, I'll sort that out. You should find a program marked LM voice. Please install that and set it as your default.
(Clicks, then new voice - DAPHNE who has the voice of LUCIE MILLER.)
DAPHNE: LM Voice installed.
THE DOCTOR: I've also equipped you with an expansion pack.
DAPHNE: Expansion pack detected. Decompressing now.
(Crackle.)
DAPHNE: Whilst you are waiting, please take a moment to personalise this product. What would you like to call me?
THE DOCTOR: I'm going through the alphabet. My first assistant was called Annie, my second one Bethany, then Chloe, so I'll call you ... Daphne. D.A.P.H.N.E.
DAPHNE: Accepted. Colour scheme?
THE DOCTOR: Er - I don't know. Erm - something simple, black hair, white shirt, black trousers.
DAPHNE: Accepted. Personality settings?
THE DOCTOR: Er, why don't we start off with loyal, eager, earnest, but feel free to develop of your own accord. You should find a sense of humour in the expansion pack I designed. Please use it, or I'll go mad.
DAPHNE: Installation complete.
THE DOCTOR: Good, now let's work on...
(Alarm signal.)

THE DOCTOR: No time.
DAPHNE: Oh - what - what does that mean?
THE DOCTOR: It means we're busy. Come on.
(Walking quickly on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: The expansion pack should tell you how to operate this.
DAPHNE: Yeah. Yeah it does.
THE DOCTOR: Good, now, this complex is at the heart of an unstable sun.
DAPHNE: What, inside it?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, we've got heat and radiation shields of course, although I still generally find it a bit warm here. That alarm indicates that the sun is becoming volatile.
DAPHNE: Ah, understood.
THE DOCTOR: These controls enable you to correct and balance it. Watch for surges of activity and do your best to nip them in the bud.
DAPHNE: Uh-huh. Right.
THE DOCTOR: Now, let's see what we've got. Yes, this looks like a fairly minor one. Ah. Lesson one, Daphne, never speak too soon. Keep it balanced.
DAPHNE: I'm trying.
THE DOCTOR: You're doing well, we've got three of the volatile areas more or less under control, they'll settle in a minute.
DAPHNE: I can only see three volatile areas.
THE DOCTOR: Look again.
DAPHNE: I can't see anything else.
THE DOCTOR: Sector Five Zero Seven is about to go.
DAPHNE: How can you tell? I can't see...
THE DOCTOR: There it goes.
DAPHNE: What do I do?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing. It's too late to hold it with the compensator, we'll just have to contain the solar flare.
DAPHNE: Oh, can you do that?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, easily. We just have to watch out for chain reactions. We could set off something much, much worse. Watch the monitor. I'm hitting the containment field ... now.
DAPHNE: Right. Yes, we've got one - no, two - chains developing.
THE DOCTOR: Can you handle them?
DAPHNE: Yes, and yes.
(Electronic alarm stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Right, good. Congratulations. You've just helped save two billion people. What would you like for lunch?

(Metal things being moved.)
THE DOCTOR: How are you getting on with those taste receptors?
(DAPHNE speaks muffled as though mouth full)
DAPHNE: I think they're working.
THE DOCTOR: Good. I have told them I'd rather my assistants were fitted with them as standard, but they never listen.
DAPHNE: Who are "they"?
THE DOCTOR: The Consensus.
DAPHNE: Who are the Consensus?
THE DOCTOR: They haven't programmed you with the official history? (Laugh.) They must know I'll only tear it out like I did with the last three. I presume that if you look into your core programming though you'll find you're not allowed to act against them.
DAPHNE: Yes, you're right.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. It's harder to get rid of.
DAPHNE: So they made me?
THE DOCTOR: Yep. I'll give you the short version. The Consensus control nine star systems, and they're not very nice.
DAPHNE: Right. How about a slightly longer version?
THE DOCTOR: This part of space used to be very feudal. Claims over planets went on for decades, millions of lives lost for no good reason. Then some brave people on one planet said "no more!" They set up the Consensus and gradually put a stop to all the wars.
DAPHNE: But isn't that good?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, great. But it all turned rotten. They're paranoid about losing control, going back to the old ways, so it's just become more and more oppressive. One of the things they wanted was to create the ultimate deterrent, the weapon which meant that nobody would dare attack them. They tried to make this sun into that weapon. Now, I'll just flip.
(Frying something.)
DAPHNE: Whoo!
THE DOCTOR: It's all in the wrist. At that time I'd recently landed in this system and decided to help the rebel movement. After a few weeks I was captured. I was expecting to escape in no time, that's what I usually do.
DAPHNE: Why haven't you?
THE DOCTOR: The Consensus realised that my technical skill would come in useful with their sun project, and they brought me out here. This was originally the monitoring station for that project. I looked through the data and warned them that what they were doing would bring the sun close to the point of total collapse.
DAPHNE: But they went ahead anyway?
THE DOCTOR: Yes they did, and then they put me to work clearing up the mess. There are two inhabited planets down there. Two billion people. The collapse of the sun would kill them all, most of them dead from massive solar flares and radiation, any survivors doomed to freeze when it went cold. So I can't leave until I fix it. Six years in, I'm still trying.
DAPHNE: Six years?
THE DOCTOR: Very nearly. The systems I've designed keep it in check but the damage that's been done to the sun is immense. I keep finding new problems. And there's not always a logical pattern to how problems develop.
DAPHNE: They must be logical, surely.
(Spoon in cup, stirring.)
THE DOCTOR: You would think so. It probably is, it's just difficult to identify. Regardless, when there's a major flare-up I always have to step in, the systems can't cope on their own. And I'm the only one who fully understands them.
DAPHNE: (sigh.) So you're stuck here?
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Slave to my own machine. I think I'm close to a solution, but ... I'd have to be very, very sure before I could leave. Right, there. Crêpe with broccoli, asparagus and blue cheese. The ingredients aren't the best, but...
DAPHNE: I don't know the difference. I've never eaten any food before.
THE DOCTOR: I like to be able to share meals. My first assistant used to just stand there while I ate. It was very off-putting.
DAPHNE: You said I'm your fourth assistant?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
DAPHNE: Hmm. I'll try to live up to the others.
THE DOCTOR: Shouldn't be too hard. Last one tried to kill me.
(Keypad sounds and a door slides open.)
GLISS: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Ah, Gliss. Daphne, this is Gliss. Gliss, this is my new assistant Daphne.
DAPHNE: Hello.
GLISS: Doctor, I've just been going over your order for the next supply ship.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes?
GLISS: You're over-budget.
THE DOCTOR: It's hardly frivolous expenditure. Those links need upgrading.
GLISS: Not that, the food. You'll have to lose some items.
THE DOCTOR: (sigh.) All right, well, lose the coleslaw and the tuna.
GLISS: That's not enough.
THE DOCTOR: Well, get rid of something else, then. Anything. Sorry, I'm busy.
GLISS: All right.
(Door slides closed.)
DAPHNE: What are those things?
THE DOCTOR: Humans called the Mercurials, because the substance they're made of behaves like mercury. But they can withstand incredible heat. They could actually survive here without shields, though gravitational forces might pose a problem. They're often found on the hottest planets in various systems.
DAPHNE: What do they do here?
THE DOCTOR: Guard me. Mercurials often hire out their services doing jobs nobody else can

or wants to do. These ones are in the employ of the Consensus. They're an okay bunch, though that might just be the Stockholm Syndrome talking.

(Walking quickly on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: How many lengths now?
DAPHNE: Twenty-seven.
THE DOCTOR: I wish they'd let me do laps. This corridor goes round in a loop, but I'm not allowed to cross the white lines.
DAPHNE: What happens if you try?
THE DOCTOR: Well, keep running. Watch what happens.
(Sudden fizz.)
DAPHNE: Ooh! Ooh! Ow. Force-field.
THE DOCTOR: Keyed to my DNA. Now step back, and try going through it on your own.
(DAPHNE groans, then sighs with relief.)
DAPHNE: Oh. Oh! So, you've just got access to your living quarters, your work space and the guard quarters?
THE DOCTOR: In theory, although I've never been allowed into the guard quarters.
DAPHNE: What else is there?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing much. It's just a shuttle bay that way, that's where the supplies are delivered. That's all we ever see of the Consensus themselves, and the other way the power generators and systems controlling the complex itself. Some storage bays and suchlike.
DAPHNE: So you've spent the whole of the last six years in two rooms, and three sections of a hexagonal corridor?
THE DOCTOR: I know. If I was in a proper prison, at least I'd get to run around the yard. Now, come on. Five more and we'll call it quits.
(Walking.)

(Sound of descent of a ship in background.)
SHILL: Gliss?
GLISS: What?
SHILL: The supply shuttle's arriving. It's just entered the deflection corridor.
GLISS: Right. And?
SHILL: Well ... it almost didn't take down its own shields first.
GLISS: Maybe the pilot just forgot. Maybe they're new.
SHILL: That's what I thought, so I contacted them, and it seems to be the same two as last time, but - they don't seem the same. They don't seem to know what they're doing.
GLISS: You think we're being fed a sim?
SHILL: I think so. I don't think the pilots are really in there. I think it's someone else.
GLISS: Let's not take chances. Raise the intruder alarm. I'll move the prisoner, go to the shuttle when it lands, and see who comes out.

(Snoring. Faint alarm in background.)
DAPHNE: Doctor? Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: What ... what, what is it, more activity?
DAPHNE: No. Gliss says we might have intruders.
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
DAPHNE: And you're to come right away.
THE DOCTOR: Erm - tell him to give me a minute to get dressed.
DAPHNE: Right.

(Alarm continues, walking on metal.)
GLISS: At last. We could all be dead by now, you know.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, forgive me for not wanting to die in my pyjamas. What's happening, Gliss?
GLISS: Didn't your new toy tell you?
DAPHNE: Yeah, I did.
THE DOCTOR: She said we might have intruders. Rather vague. Care to elaborate?
GLISS: Not right now. We've got reason to believe the supply shuttle's been hijacked. It's just coming in to land now.
THE DOCTOR: So what do you want me to do?
GLISS: Nothing. But I want you to do it in the holding cell in our quarters, so come on.

THE DOCTOR: Well, much as I'd enjoy the novelty, you can't shut me away where I can't reach the controls. What if there's a flare-up?
GLISS: We're not having a debate about this, Doctor. You come with me, or I shoot you and tell my employers that the intruders did it, then my team and I pick up the compensation payment that we're due if you die before the end of our contract.
THE DOCTOR: Charming as ever.
DAPHNE: I could go back to the workspace, keep an eye on things.
THE DOCTOR: I think that's what we'll have to do. But if there's any activity I'm coming back.
DAPHNE: Does this sort of thing happen often?
THE DOCTOR: No, never, until now.
DAPHNE: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: Good luck.
DAPHNE: Thanks.
GLISS: Come on.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: You've alerted the Consensus?
GLISS: Of course.
THE DOCTOR: Did they tell you who they thought our intruders might be?
GLISS: Of course not. Even if they knew they wouldn't tell us.
THE DOCTOR: I think I trust you more than they do.
GLISS: I'm sure that's true, but you don't pay us.

(Door slides open. Rocket arriving.)
FASH: Do we wait for them to come out?
SHILL: They'll know we're here.
FASH: What if they are the regular guys after all?
SHILL: Well then, we won't shoot them.
FASH: It's not them, is it? They'd have come out by now.
SHILL: Let's wait.
FASH: No need. I can get this open. Keep the door covered.
SHILL: That's the leading hatch.
FASH: Never mind that. Keep this door covered.
SHILL: Just a second. I can see something moving.
FASH: I've almost got this door...
(Shots.)
SHILL: Fash!
(Shot by laser gun. HAGAN is male, JELENA is female.)
HAGAN: Nice shot, Jelena.
JELENA: Thanks. I thought yours was a bit lucky. Look.
HAGAN: Ah.
JELENA: They're reconstituting themselves.
HAGAN: Let's move.

GLISS: Shill, Fash, what's happening?
THE DOCTOR: Something that's preventing them from telling you what's happening by the sound of things.
GLISS: How did they let the ship get hijacked so easily? Why didn't they warn us? You haven't been in touch with anyone on the outside, have you?
THE DOCTOR: No, not at all. I've no idea what's happening. You think I'm trying to escape?
GLISS: It had crossed by mind.
THE DOCTOR: I've told you before, if I wanted to escape I'd have done so years ago.

(Walking on metal.)
DAPHNE: Who are you?
JELENA: Where's the Doctor?
DAPHNE: I don't know.
HAGAN: But he's here, somewhere.
DAPHNE: I don't know where he is.
JELENA: He's here. There's only one way in and out of here, and they didn't have time to move him.

HAGAN: So who's she? His wife?
DAPHNE: My name's Daphne. I'm the Doctor's new assistant.
HAGAN: Oh. You're an android.
DAPHNE: Yeah.
JELENA: Good one. Must have cost a lot. Nothing but the best for the Doctor, it seems.
HAGAN: Except his freedom, right?
DAPHNE: I ... don't know. I've only recently been activated.
HAGAN: Mind her. I'm going to check the other rooms.
DAPHNE: He's not there.
JELENA: It's all right, it's not your fault. They should have programmed you to lie better.
DAPHNE: I'm not lying.
JELENA: That's what I mean.
DAPHNE: Who are you?
JELENA: We're the rebels, and we've come for the Doctor.
DAPHNE: He's been here for years, hasn't he? What took you so long?
JELENA: We thought he was dead. We only just found out he's been here all this time.
DAPHNE: So he's important enough for you to come all this way.
JELENA: Important? He's a legend, a folk hero. You should hear the stories. The greatest martyr of the age.
(Electronic signal.)
DAPHNE: Oh no.
JELENA: How many alarms do they need?
DAPHNE: That's a different one.
JELENA: Hey, don't move.
DAPHNE: But I need to attend to...
HAGAN: Can't see him. Are there any hidden areas here?
DAPHNE: No.
HAGAN: If you're lying, I'll kill you.
JELENA: She's an android, she doesn't care.
DAPHNE: Actually I do a bit. But I'm not lying. I don't know where they took the Doctor.
HAGAN: They can't have gone. There's only one way in and out. Where else is there?
DAPHNE: Guard quarters, store rooms...
HAGAN: Wait here.
DAPHNE: You must let me do something about this.
JELENA: Sorry, but I'm not letting you near these computers. I don't know what they do. You could get a message out or suck all the oxygen out of the room.
DAPHNE: They keep everyone on the planets below us from dying.
JELENA: Nice try.

THE DOCTOR: The early warning alarm's getting faster.
GLISS: No it isn't. You're imagining it.
THE DOCTOR: It is, listen. It's almost in step with the intruder alarm now. More rhythmically satisfying, but also more worrying. I need to go and attend to this.
GLISS: No, I can't allow that. If you're captured, we don't get paid.
THE DOCTOR: I wasn't asking for permission. Do you still get paid if two billion people fry?
GLISS: Fair point. There is something in the contracts about that.
THE DOCTOR: I'll do my best not to get captured.
GLISS: I'll do my best not to get you captured either. I'm coming with you.
(Noises of guns.)
GLISS: Ah. Sounds like Shill and Fash have recovered.
(More noises of firing.)
JELENA: Hagan.
HAGAN: (communicator) I'm here.
JELENA: I heard shots. Are you okay?
HAGAN: (communicator) Yeah. Two of them jumped out behind me. I think it might have been the ones from the shuttle bay. I've ducked into a room. I can't see them now.
JELENA: They're probably trying not to get splattered again.
HAGAN: (communicator) They've got me cornered, I think. I can't find a way out.
JELENA: If you're keeping them occupied, that might make it easier for me to look for the Doctor. Hang in there and I'll come for you when I...

(Movement.)
JELENA: It's him.
GLISS: Lower your weapon. I'll kill the Doctor if necessary.
JELENA: Go on then. Save me a job.
GLISS: What?
(Gun blast, gasp.)
THE DOCTOR: I thought you came here to rescue me.
JELENA: Sorry.
DAPHNE: Oh no you don't!
(Struggle.)
DAPHNE: Doctor, run!
JELENA: Damn it!
DAPHNE: Stop! Why are you...
(Shots. Running.)
JELENA: Doctor? Don't forget you're in a prison. There's literally nowhere to run.
THE DOCTOR: Now, don't be absurd. I could get out of here, the point is I don't want to.
JELENA: Right of course.
THE DOCTOR: It's true.
JELENA: You know, from all the stories I always guessed you were probably insufferably arrogant in real life.
THE DOCTOR: Stories?
JELENA: People still talk about you on the outside constantly. You're the figurehead of the rebellion.
THE DOCTOR: You're with the rebels?
JELENA: Of course.
THE DOCTOR: Then why are you trying to kill me?
JELENA: Isn't it obvious?
THE DOCTOR: I don't have time for this.
JELENA: You're right there.
(Shot. THE DOCTOR gasps.)
HAGAN: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: You're not trying to kill me as well, are you?
HAGAN: Not at all, it - it's an honour to meet you, sir. What did you mean, "as well"?
THE DOCTOR: There's a woman pursuing me. I didn't catch her name, but she's keen that I should die.
HAGAN: Who?
(Shots.)
HAGAN: Jelena, is that you?
JELENA: Yes.
HAGAN: What - why are you trying to kill him for? Why is she trying to kill you?
THE DOCTOR: I've no idea.
JELENA: Please don't get in my way, Hagan, there's no need for me to kill you too.
THE DOCTOR: I have to get back to my workspace. Lives are at stake.
HAGAN: This corridor goes round in a circle. We could try to loop round.
THE DOCTOR: There's a DNA lock. I can't go further than that white line.
HAGAN: Why are you trying to kill the Doctor?
JELENA: Have you really thought what use he'd be to us alive?
HAGAN: Yes, Jelena. I don't think you know how bad things are. They're trying not to panic anyone, but we desperately need the Doctor's help. I can't let you kill him. You have to come through me.
(Shot. HAGAN cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: All right?
HAGAN: I'm not sure. My whole leg's gone numb.
THE DOCTOR: Looks like a burn. Quite a serious one but treatable.
JELENA: Hagan, move aside. I'll take you home when I'm done. Better yet, kill him yourself and we can both...
(Thump, JELENA gasps, metal object falls.)
HAGAN: Did the guards get her?
DAPHNE: Er, no. I did.
THE DOCTOR: Well done, Daphne.

DAPHNE: Sorry I was so long. Took me a few minutes to self-repair and reboot my systems.
THE DOCTOR: I'm very grateful. Now, we must get back and attend to this before it's too late. Daphne, pick her up and bring her.
DAPHNE: Right.
HAGAN: No - Doctor, you need to...
THE DOCTOR: No, I'm sorry, I really must go.
HAGAN: Wait.
SHILL: Don't move.

THE DOCTOR: Need any help?
DAPHNE: No.
(Thump.)
THE DOCTOR: I meant, did you need any help lowering her to the ground gently?
DAPHNE: I don't see why I should. She tried to kill us both.
THE DOCTOR: Right, we'll calm this solar activity down, then I'll teach you about basic respect for life. I'm attending to one one nine and three nine four, could you please look at oh seven oh, two five six and four four three.
DAPHNE: It's spreading to two five five and one eight nine.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, this has got a little out of hand.
DAPHNE: Is it manageable?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, but we have to concentrate.
DAPHNE: Maybe we should talk less.
THE DOCTOR: Talking helps me concentrate. Hmm. We've got a major build-up, but there aren't any planets in its way. Only problem is, the damage it might do to *us* . But if we leave it to run its course, we can fix the problems elsewhere.
DAPHNE: Okay.
THE DOCTOR: You think we should risk it?
DAPHNE: You're the expert.
THE DOCTOR: You're right, I am. Concentrate on oh seven oh and four four three. And do what you can to shield us from the big one on the other side.
DAPHNE: And what if it causes a chain reaction?
THE DOCTOR: That's exactly what I'm trying to prevent. I think trying to contain this one would be more likely to cause a chain reaction. You see, this is exactly the kind of thing I've never been able to teach a computer. There it goes.
DAPHNE: Do we have a Plan B if we decide it's not working?
THE DOCTOR: No. I might be able to make one up.

SHILL: Is the Doctor working on this?
FASH: Check the monitors.
(Bleep.)
SHILL: Yes.
FASH: Doesn't seem to be doing a very good job.
SHILL: Maybe we should prepare for evacuation.
FASH: Should we take the prisoner?
SHILL: We might need him as a witness. But it's up to Gliss.
FASH: Where is Gliss?
SHILL: Ah. Perhaps the Doctor does know what he's doing after all.
FASH: Oh, turn the intruder alarm off. I think we all know by now.

(Less frequent alarm.)
DAPHNE: Well done, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: We're not out of the woods yet. Oh Seven Oh is still active.
DAPHNE: I'm dealing with it.
THE DOCTOR: You're not dealing with it the right way. Seal it off and absorb the reaction.
DAPHNE: Right, sorry.
THE DOCTOR: No need to be sorry. You're still learning the ropes.
(DAPHNE gasp. Alarm stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Good. And, relax.
DAPHNE: What about her?
THE DOCTOR: Tie her up before she comes around, I think.

(Door slides open.)
HAGAN: At last. Any chance of getting some treatment for this leg?
SHILL: None. Gliss still hasn't come back yet. Are you responsible for that?
HAGAN: No, I don't think so.
SHILL: We gather you're here for the Doctor.
HAGAN: Yeah, that's right.
SHILL: But you know what it would mean if you took him away.
HAGAN: Oh, we know.

(Bleep.)
THE DOCTOR: Yes, hello?
GLISS: (communicator) Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Ah, Gliss, I'm glad you're all right.
GLISS: (communicator) Did you know she was going to shoot me the second I stepped through the door?
THE DOCTOR: I assure you I didn't. The next thing she did in fact was try to shoot me. I actually think she might have been aiming for me and missed.
GLISS: (communicator) What's wrong with this door? I can't get in.
THE DOCTOR: No, nothing's wrong with it, I fixed it so you can't.
GLISS: (communicator) How?
THE DOCTOR: I'd tell you but you see the whole point is I don't want you to get in.
GLISS: (communicator) And you can suddenly just do this?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, I've been able to do it for a long time. I've never needed to before. I just want to speak to our intruder myself. I might let you have her when I'm done.
GLISS: (communicator) There will be serious consequences if you don't open this door right now.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, there are serious consequences to practically everything I do. That's just the sort of lifestyle I have. I'll speak to you later.
GLISS: (communicator) Doctor, I mean...
(Bleep.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, what's your name?
JELENA: Jelena.
THE DOCTOR: Right Jelena, I don't think you have too many friends at the moment, so if there's anybody you want to stay on the right side of, it's me.
JELENA: All right. What do you want?
THE DOCTOR: I want to know why the Consensus...
(Sudden powering down.)
THE DOCTOR: Did you do this?
JELENA: I don't even know what's going on.
DAPHNE: Doctor, what's happening?
THE DOCTOR: I was about to ask you the same thing. This has never happened before. Have we lost power?
DAPHNE: That's what it looks like. We're on emergency back-up.
THE DOCTOR: What's still online?
DAPHNE: Er, life support, heat and radiation shields and the early warning system. Oh, and the DNA coded force-field.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, well of course, what a disaster that would be if *that* went down. Good grief, the shields consume a huge amount of power on their own and look. We've barely got enough energy to power those, everything else is down. We can see what the sun is doing, but we can't do anything about it.
DAPHNE: And we can't send any more power to the shields, so if there's another surge of activity...
THE DOCTOR: Two billion people die, and we will be the first to go.

SHILL: Gliss, the power's down. We're on emergency back-up.
GLISS: I know. The intruders must have done it. Look into it immediately.
FASH: I already am, and we've got one of the intruders.
GLISS: Good. I want to talk to him.
FASH: He wants to talk to you too. Where's the other?

GLISS: The Doctor's locked himself in with her. Which could be interesting, since she seems to want to kill him.

DAPHNE: We should have time. The projection suggested there'd be no activity for another thirty-six hours at least.
THE DOCTOR: That would be great, if only we could trust the projections, They're often wrong.
DAPHNE: Or do a diagnostic check, try to work out what's causing the power failure.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, you do that.
JELENA: You seem fretful, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I am. How kind of you to notice, Jelena. You said you didn't know what I was doing up here.
JELENA: No, that's true.
THE DOCTOR: Well, that makes sense, I suppose. If the Consensus had told you what I was doing you might have been less willing to kill me.
JELENA: What do you mean...
THE DOCTOR: Why send you to kill me now? They could have done that at any time.
JELENA: What do you...
THE DOCTOR: Are they giving up on this project? They want people to blame the rebels when it fails?
JELENA: Can I speak?
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, go ahead.
JELENA: I was going to say, what do you mean, the Consensus? They didn't send me.
THE DOCTOR: Then who?
JELENA: I didn't lie. I'm with the rebellion.
THE DOCTOR: I don't understand. Your - your comrade seemed to want to take me away, but you were trying to kill me.
JELENA: Hagan's mission is to take you away. He thinks that's what everyone wants, to bring you back and get you fighting for us.
THE DOCTOR: And they don't?
JELENA: Some of us think you're more valuable to us in other ways. We talk about you to new recruits. We inspire people when everything seems hopeless by telling stories about you.
THE DOCTOR: I see, I see, I see, you're afraid that having me come back might spoil things, that I'll disappoint people.
JELENA: I'm not just afraid of it, I *know* you will. You don't understand what people have built you up to be. You can't possibly live up to it. So those of us who thought it might be better if you never came back, we got together and made sure I got on the mission and made sure Hagan suspected nothing.
DAPHNE: I've found it.
THE DOCTOR: Well done.
DAPHNE: Don't get too excited. It's the power couplings on corridor six.
THE DOCTOR: What's happened to them?
DAPHNE: Wrecked. Completely. Looks like something corrosive's been poured inside them.
THE DOCTOR: Did you do this?
JELENA: No.
DAPHNE: Are you sure?
JELENA: Yes. What's the problem, don't you have spares?
THE DOCTOR: Of course we have lots of spares but installing them would involve going outside the complex.
DAPHNE: And that means we need the Mercurials to do it.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, although that might work for us. Daphne, could you please go and tell them I need to make the repairs. And it would be best if all three of them got on to it. We need the power back on as soon as possible.
DAPHNE: Right.
THE DOCTOR: And now we need to discuss what you were going to do.
JELENA: Could you untie me first?
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, I'd like to minimise the risk of your trying to kill me again.

(Door slides open.)
HAGAN: Ah. Are you the leader?
GLISS: Yes.

HAGAN: I've been waiting for you.
GLISS: Really?
HAGAN: We need to talk.
GLISS: We do. First of all, we need to talk about who caused this power failure.
HAGAN: That was me.
GLISS: I assumed it must have been. What did you do?
HAGAN: Disabled the power couplings on corridor six, not long after I came aboard. I'm surprised they held up as long as they did.
GLISS: I presume then that you don't know the significance of the Doctor's work here.
HAGAN: Oh, I do. Sorry, I didn't quite catch your name.
GLISS: Gliss.
HAGAN: Do you want to hear the truth, Gliss? Because I've got a proposal to put to you, and you'll need to know the truth to make an informed decision.

THE DOCTOR: The question of whether I should come back or not is rather a moot point, given I can't leave even if I wanted to. This isn't a prison of walls. It's a prison of responsibility.
JELENA: What does that even mean?
THE DOCTOR: What do you think I've been doing here all these years?
JELENA: It looks a lot like you've been designing technology for the Consensus.
THE DOCTOR: Jelena, this facility is all that's preventing this sun from scorching the planets below it.
JELENA: You're serious?
THE DOCTOR: Deadly serious.
JELENA: She said something. I thought she was just trying it on so she could reach the controls. I never trust robots, but why?
THE DOCTOR: The Consensus tried to turn it into a weapon. They botched it. Now it's my job to try to keep it stable. Every person on those planets is at risk. The systems here are all that's keeping them safe.
JELENA: Those systems which are off-line right now?
THE DOCTOR: The very same. Hence the fretfulness, you see?
JELENA: So if I'd killed you, two billion people would have died.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
JELENA: Oh, good grief, a few inches to the right...
THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, it would have taken more than that.

(Door slides open.)
DAPHNE: Hello? Is anyone here?
FASH: We've been questioning the prisoner.
DAPHNE: Right. Was he the one who sabotaged the power?
SHILL: Yes, and he's explained how he did it.
DAPHNE: Right. So you know the Doctor needs you to fix them?
FASH: Yes. We were just on our way to deal with it.
DAPHNE: He said it would be good if all three of you could attend to it.
SHILL: That's what we're going to do.
DAPHNE: Shall I come with you and help?
FASH: Er, yes, that's a good idea.

THE DOCTOR: Excellent. She's convinced them all to go.
JELENA: You mean leave the complex?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, they're going to corridor six, but that takes them away from the routes that run between the holding cell, this workspace and the shuttle bay.
(Bleeps.)
JELENA: What are you doing now?
THE DOCTOR: Remotely opening the door of Hagan's cell.
JELENA: You can do that?
THE DOCTOR: I've been here six years. I didn't need that long to work out how to hack the systems. Honestly, it's not just bravado. I could have got out of here at any time.
JELENA: I believe you.
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
JELENA: What?

THE DOCTOR: He's already gone. There he is, on his way here. He's managed to get out on his own. How resourceful of him. Which means it's time for you both to leave.
JELENA: Does that also mean it's time for you to untie me?
THE DOCTOR: Well, that depends. Do you still believe I have to die?
JELENA: No. No. You've got to carry on your work here, of course. And ... maybe you can live up to the legend after all.
THE DOCTOR: Why, thank you, it's good to know...
(Door slides open.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, Hagan.
(Two shots, JELENA cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: Jelena! Why did you do that?
HAGAN: Why wouldn't I? She tried to kill you.
THE DOCTOR: Even if she did, that's no reason to kill her when she was sitting here in restraints.
HAGAN: She tried to kill you, she's a Consensus agent.
THE DOCTOR: She was not from the Consensus, you idiot. You brought her. You must have had her screened.
HAGAN: Of course. But they've infiltrated high-level missions before, people I'd been working with for years, who I'd've trusted with anything. If she wasn't Consensus, why did she try to kill you?
THE DOCTOR: Not because the Consensus want me dead, because some of the rebellion do.
HAGAN: What!
THE DOCTOR: They think I'm more valuable as a martyr. They don't want me back, so they decided to have me die for the cause again. I'd just talked her out of it!
HAGAN: Oh really.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, really.
HAGAN: She was telling you what you wanted to hear. She just wanted you to let her go.
THE DOCTOR: But what about the project? Why would the Consensus have sabotaged that?
HAGAN: There is no project.
(Alarm starts.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh no.

GLISS: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Gliss? Update on the repair work, please.
GLISS: The generators? Oh, we're not repairing *them* .
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean, are they too badly damaged?
GLISS: No. We're just not going to do it.
THE DOCTOR: But there's a flare-up building. I've got to get to work.
GLISS: Sorry, Doctor, we've had a better offer.
THE DOCTOR: What? Who from?

HAGAN: From me.
THE DOCTOR: You? What's this about, Hagan?
HAGAN: You said yourself, you could leave if you wanted to, but your responsibilities mean you can't.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
HAGAN: You could take down those force-fields, but you choose not to.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
HAGAN: But you haven't left this complex in six years. You only know what your responsibilities are because of what they've told you.
THE DOCTOR: I know what you're going to say. Do you really think it wouldn't have occurred to me that they might just be lying? That the sun is perfectly stable, that there are no populated worlds under threat, that this is all an elaborate simulation, and I have wasted all these years on what is essentially an endless computer game. Please, give me some credit.
HAGAN: All right, so you've thought about it. But what have you done about it?
THE DOCTOR: I haven't been able to do anything. All I know is I'm inside a sun, and if I try to leave and find out what was happening, I'd be putting everyone at risk. And if it's true, people wouldn't know anyway because the whole point of my work here is to stop problems before they happen.
HAGAN: Well, that's why I've come. I know.

THE DOCTOR: But Jelena said you didn't.
HAGAN: Jelena was with the Consensus. She was telling you what the Consensus wanted you to hear, that nobody knew what you were doing here, that you're toiling up here in complete anonymity, nobody knowing the heroics you perform daily, because they know you hate that. You'd always do the right thing, but you'd always rather people know about it.
THE DOCTOR: I've tried to set an example for others.
HAGAN: I wasn't criticising, I'm just explaining, but the truth is, we've got a reliable intel that the solar weapon project was faked for your benefit. We've had people do observations of solar activity. It doesn't tally with what you've been told.
THE DOCTOR: Are you saying none of this is real?
HAGAN: Yes. We've seen how it works. They've fed false data into your computers, making the whole place shake when things get tough. But it's all calm out there. Well, as calm as it gets in the middle of a sun.
THE DOCTOR: That seems like a lot of effort to go to. Why not just kill me, and get me out of the way?
HAGAN: They must think they'll need you one day, put you to work on some new project. Maybe they *do* want to make this sun into a weapon, and that's all your monitoring is really about. But they know how dangerous you are, and that the only cell that can hold you is one you make for yourself.
THE DOCTOR: Then why send an agent to kill me now? They could have had the Mercurials do that at any time.
HAGAN: They don't trust the Mercurials, and they knew we were coming to get you. Maybe your usefulness to the Consensus is at an end. I don't know. All I know is, it's a sham. If you want the answers, the best thing to do is come with me, because you're not going to find them in here.
THE DOCTOR: Why should I believe you?
HAGAN: Because I'm going to prove it to you. I took down the power, and without that the systems which physically simulate bursts of solar activity won't work.
THE DOCTOR: So this current spate of activity?
HAGAN: Should have no effect.
(THE DOCTOR sighs.)
THE DOCTOR: It's a terrible risk.
HAGAN: It's not. I wouldn't have done it if I didn't know. Why would I be lying?
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps you are the real Consensus agent. This system is a backwater, not very valuable, that's why they did the tests here. Maybe the Consensus has given it up as a bad job, decided to cut and run, let it blow up, put me on a project somewhere else.
HAGAN: Reasonable enough theory.
THE DOCTOR: Or maybe the rebels have taken those planets. Maybe the Consensus wants them scorched, to weaken the rebellion.
HAGAN: Again, plausible. But fairly soon, you'll see the truth.
THE DOCTOR: Or maybe you're just wrong.
(The alarm in the background starts to bleep more quickly.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I can't trust two billion lives to the word of one person.
HAGAN: Doctor? Come back!
(THE DOCTOR has run off.)
THE DOCTOR: Gliss? What have you done to Daphne?
GLISS: Disabled her.
THE DOCTOR: Why?
SHILL: We needed her out of the way. She's Consensus.
THE DOCTOR: And you're not?
GLISS: Not any more.
THE DOCTOR: Well, wherever your sympathies lie, we have to get the power back on.
FASH: No we don't. There's no danger.
THE DOCTOR: How do you know that? Because Hagan told you? Why are you suddenly so ready to believe him?
GLISS: Firstly, because if it wasn't true, why would he be putting his own life at risk?
THE DOCTOR: He might have a way of getting out. Or he doesn't care if it kills him to complete his mission. Or he's been misinformed. Or he could just be wrong.
GLISS: Possibly. But there's also the fact that he's offered to match our contract to maintain the illusion that you're here after you've gone.
THE DOCTOR: You believe him, because he'll pay you more?

SHILL: Why not? Seems as good a reason as any.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. Get that power back on, or I'll do it myself.
FASH: You can't do it yourself. And if you're dead, both deals are off.
THE DOCTOR: It's still building. I need a monitor. Oh no. Brace yourselves, I think this is going to...
GLISS: What, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: We should have felt something. These readings are...
FASH: Meaningless?
THE DOCTOR: Something on this scale should have ripped this place apart.
SHILL: Point proven, then.
THE DOCTOR: Maybe ... I have to be sure, though. Can you please restore the power now?
GLISS: I suppose we'll have to if we're going to keep this place going. Let's get to work.
FASH: Right.

(Door slides open.)
HAGAN: I told you so.
THE DOCTOR: You told me this would happen. That doesn't mean the rest of what you told me is true.
HAGAN: Oh for heaven's sake, what more do you want?
THE DOCTOR: There's no mad rush, is there?
HAGAN: The Consensus will send people. They'll have some idea what's been going on up here. The faster we get away, the better.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, but you've got the Mercurials running interference with the Consensus. I've got time to check over the data once again before the power's back on.
HAGAN: Check for what?
THE DOCTOR: Check the readings were accurate. They might have been affected by the power failure. There might have been no surge at all.
HAGAN: You're not willing to let go of this, are you? You've been here too long. You can't face up to the idea that it's all been for nothing.
THE DOCTOR: Aha.
HAGAN: You say you can escape at any time. Then you don't need me to take you. I'm getting out of here. You can follow me when you're ready.
(Walking off. Door slides open.)

HAGAN: He won't leave.
SHILL: Why not?
HAGAN: He just won't believe me.
GLISS: But what about our deal?
HAGAN: If he leaves, it's on.
FASH: Then you have to convince him to leave.
HAGAN: I'm trying. I told him I'm leaving without him. Can you disable the force-field?
SHILL: No. The Consensus were afraid we might kidnap him and sell him to you.
GLISS: Fash, can you hack it?
FASH: Maybe. I've never tried.
(Alarm sound starts.)
HAGAN: What's that one mean?
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Alert. Auto destruct sequence activated.
GLISS: How did this happen? Did any of you...?
FASH: No.
SHILL: No.
ELECTRONIC VOICE: You have five minutes to evacuate this facility.
GLISS: Shut it off.
FASH: Abort auto destruct. Authority Fifteen R Z A slash five seven nine.
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Thank you. Scanning. Authority not accepted.
FASH: What?
GLISS: I'll try mine. Abort auto destruct. Authority Nineteen G Z A slash six nine two.
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Thank you. Scanning. Authority not accepted.
HAGAN: What's the matter with it?
GLISS: It's been activated by a higher authority.
SHILL: The Consensus.

HAGAN: You mean they've activated it remotely. Can they do that?
FASH: Yes. They must have discovered what's been happening up here.
HAGAN: Well then, we don't have any choice. We have to leave.
GLISS: Yes, now, in your shuttle.
(Door slides open.)
THE DOCTOR: What's going on?
HAGAN: As it sounds. Come on, disable the force-field. We need to get out of here.
THE DOCTOR: No, we need to deactivate this self destruct sequence.
GLISS: We've tried. It's been activated remotely with higher authority than any of us have.
THE DOCTOR: I know someone with higher authority. Where did you put her?
FASH: Who?
THE DOCTOR: Daphne. Where did you put her?
FASH: In the corner.
THE DOCTOR: Right. She's not just here to act as my assistant, she's here as a fail-safe.
GLISS: This is a waste of time. Do what you want, Doctor, but my team and I are leaving.
HAGAN: You're not leaving without me. I'm the only one with the launch codes for that shuttle, and I'm not leaving without him.
GLISS: He's incapable of leaving. You've found that out for yourself.
DAPHNE: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, Daphne.
HAGAN: I came here to get him because we need him. More than we need me, and certainly more than we need you.
GLISS: Fash, do you think you could get the shuttle going without the codes?
FASH: I can try.
GLISS: Good. It's up to you whether you join us.
HAGAN: Doctor, we have to go.
DAPHNE: What's happening?
THE DOCTOR: Someone's activated the auto destruct.
HAGAN: I don't know for sure how easy the shuttle is to hack.
THE DOCTOR: Well true, Fash is quite technically able certainly.
HAGAN: Then we can't afford to wait. They may take the only means of getting away from here.
THE DOCTOR: I have to try to save what I've been doing. Daphne?
DAPHNE: I'll interface directly.
HAGAN: Please, Doctor, I'm not going to watch you die for some apocryphal cause.
THE DOCTOR: Correct, you're not. Daphne?
DAPHNE: No good, Doctor. Sorry.

SHILL: Will we still be able to pick up payment for the rest of our contract?
GLISS: I doubt it. But if what if Hagan says is true, that's no great loss.
(Soaring sound.)
GLISS: Fash, get this door open, please.
(TARDIS materialisation.)
SHILL: What the hell is that?
CHLOE: Oh, hello. Thought I might find you lot here.
SHILL: You've chosen a bad moment to come back.
CHLOE: No, I think I've chosen just the right moment. One of the first things I wanted to do was deal with you lot.
GLISS: Let's get in the shuttle.
CHLOE: I don't think so.
(Screams. CHLOE laugh.)
CHLOE: Lovely.
(Soaring sound.)

ELECTRONIC VOICE: Auto destruct in two minutes.
HAGAN: We still have enough time to get to the shuttle and get out of here. But we have to go now.
THE DOCTOR: I have got a lot of experience of defusing systems like this. There's always a workaround. Nobody builds a self destruct system they can't turn off, in case they get caught in it one day.
HAGAN: Why won't you believe me?

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, it's just too important. Daphne, let me try.
DAPHNE: Okay.
THE DOCTOR: And since you're not doing anything, you could restrain Hagan.
HAGAN: What?
(Movement of restraining.)
HAGAN: Doctor, you idiot, you're going to get us all killed. The Mercurials have probably left in the shuttle already.
THE DOCTOR: Well if they have, then it makes sense for me to keep working on the auto destruct, doesn't it?
(Door slides open. Walking.)
DAPHNE: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Must be the Mercurials. Given up on trying...
CHLOE: Hello, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Chloe.
CHLOE: You've really let the place go since I was last here, I have to say.
DAPHNE: Hey. She's got my voice.
THE DOCTOR: Did you come in the TARDIS?
CHLOE: Yes. It's in the shuttle bay.
THE DOCTOR: Well done.
DAPHNE: This is your previous assistant?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
DAPHNE: Didn't she try to kill you?
THE DOCTOR: We staged it. I told you, I'd considered the idea that this all might be a fake, so I broke her programming. The idea was to get her removed and taken outside where she'd escape, try to find out what was really happening, and come back.
HAGAN: Good. Tell him.
THE DOCTOR: Chloe?
CHLOE: I'm sorry, Doctor. They tricked you.
THE DOCTOR: You mean there's no threat?
CHLOE: No. The sun's fine. Nobody is in any danger.
THE DOCTOR: All these years, all these emergencies? Trying to come up with better and cleverer solutions to endless problems? All of it for nothing?
CHLOE: I watched you all that time. I know your intentions were good. You acted in the best possible way. You're no less of a good and clever person for it all being fake. But we need to get out of here.
HAGAN: It might be too late already.
THE DOCTOR: Not if we go in the TARDIS. Chloe, are the Mercurials still here?
CHLOE: Not any more. I killed them.
HAGAN: Could you tell Daphne to let me go, please?
THE DOCTOR: Just a moment. Killed them?
CHLOE: Yeah. I came prepared with this.
(Shrill humming.)
CHLOE: The combination of frequencies completely undoes their physical integration.
THE DOCTOR: That's very clever. Daphne, don't let Hagan go under any circumstances.
DAPHNE: I won't, Doctor.
HAGAN: What are you doing?
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Thirty seconds to auto destruct.
THE DOCTOR: Staying put. Fancy a cup of tea?
CHLOE: Doctor, we have to leave.
THE DOCTOR: Chloe, I reprogrammed you myself. There's absolutely no way you'd have come back armed with that sort of weapon. So somebody else has got to you. Hagan?
HAGAN: Why would it be anything to do with me?
THE DOCTOR: Because what she said backed up what you were saying.
HAGAN: Because what I'm saying is the truth.
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Ten seconds.
HAGAN: I don't know what you think's happening...
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Nine...
HAGAN: Doctor...
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Eight...
HAGAN: Please, don't just sit there.

ELECTRONIC VOICE: Seven, six...
THE DOCTOR: I'm perfectly comfortable.
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Five...
CHLOE: We have to leave.
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Four...
THE DOCTOR: No, no, you need me to leave...
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Three...
THE DOCTOR: Because if I stay...
ELECTRONIC VOICE: Two, one.
THE DOCTOR: I'll be here to see it, when absolutely nothing happens.
HAGAN: Oh, thank God.
CHLOE: I'll check the circuits, make sure it's not going to suddenly repair itself.
(Moving objects.)
THE DOCTOR: You know full well it's working perfectly, Hagan. It did what it was supposed to do.
DAPHNE: It *wasn't* supposed to destruct?
THE DOCTOR: No, it was just supposed to *say* it was going to. I realised that that was why were getting nowhere in trying to stop it. We were looking in the wrong places. It was just a voice, trying to get me to leave.
DAPHNE: So he set it up?
THE DOCTOR: Indeed. You almost had me with Chloe, Hagan. I knew this was a risk, especially after I'd programmed her with some limited ability to fly the TARDIS.
CHLOE: Why do we both have the same voice?
THE DOCTOR: It's the voice of a friend of mine. The TARDIS knows it, and knows I must have sent her.
DAPHNE: So you were going to do the same with me?
THE DOCTOR: Possibly, if it didn't work out first time, but also, it's just nice to hear a familiar voice. You intercepted Chloe, I assume.
HAGAN: Not me personally.
THE DOCTOR: Which side are you on?
HAGAN: I'm with the rebellion. I didn't lie about that.
THE DOCTOR: But you lied about my work here. I suspected as much when I saw the pattern of the surge that came when the power was off. It looked to me an awful lot like the one I remember from two years ago.
DAPHNE: You remembered that, from two years ago?
THE DOCTOR: Why not? You would have done, Daphne.
DAPHNE: I know. But I'm a robot.
THE DOCTOR: I did need to check just to be sure, but I was right. Hagan hacked our systems, and fed us false data while the power was down, trying to fool us into thinking that what we've been doing here made no difference. But why did you want to remove *me?* And by extension, slaughter everyone on the planets below us. Please stop me if this is an unfair description of your plan in any way.
HAGAN: The Consensus isn't far from collapse out there.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, did think we'd heard less of them recently.
HAGAN: That's how I convinced the Mercurials to go along with it. Told them their paymasters were going out of business sooner or later. The rebellion has driven the Consensus back. This system is their last outpost.
THE DOCTOR: Hagan, please tell me you weren't trying to do what I think you were.
HAGAN: You have to understand.
THE DOCTOR: Congratulations. The Consensus tried to make this sun into a weapon and failed. You found a way.
HAGAN: It would have ended hostilities, saved our people's lives.
THE DOCTOR: By slaughtering everyone on those planets indiscriminately, that was what you wanted to achieve?
HAGAN: It's been a long war. We had a chance to win cleanly.
THE DOCTOR: That's what you call clean? Killing two billion people?
HAGAN: One death is more than enough to have on your conscience. So why not take all those deaths on myself, save anybody else from having to take them on. Only a handful of the rebels would ever have known. Even Jelena didn't know. We were just going to let everyone think it was an accident.

THE DOCTOR: Daphne, take that gun off him and throw him in the cells.
(Metallic grinding.)
DAPHNE: Sounded like it came from the workspace.
THE DOCTOR: What's she doing?

(Running. Hammering, grunting of effort by CHLOE.)
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no - no!
CHLOE: Sorry, Doctor. But if this is what it takes.
THE DOCTOR: Chloe, you're going to kill billions of people.
CHLOE: That doesn't interest me. My goal is to get you to leave.
THE DOCTOR: Stop this. I won't leave. if you break it I will build it again.
CHLOE: That's a shame, because that only leaves me with Plan B.
(Struggle.)
CHLOE: And this time I won't be fooled if you play dead.
HAGAN: Chloe, stop this, that's a direct instruction.
CHLOE: The plan can't be changed. They were worried you might bottle it.
HAGAN: But you can't kill the Doctor, we need him.
(Alarm starts up.)
CHLOE: We need to destroy the Consensus even more.
HAGAN: But what about the Staylus Colony? People are dying in those deserts. We need the Doctor's help. That's why we went to all this effort to get him out alive. I won't let you kill him.
(Thump.)
CHLOE: Nice try, Hagan.
(Thump, HAGAN cry and drop of metal object. CHLOE sigh.)
CHLOE: But thank you for bringing me the gun. Now, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, don't shoot. I give in. I'll come with you.
CHLOE: Oh, good. Though you don't have a lot of choice, do you?
THE DOCTOR: Not really, unless Daphne knows something I don't.
CHLOE: What?
THE DOCTOR: Now, Daphne!
(Fizzing, muffled words from CHLOE)
CHLOE: Turn it off ... Doctor, do something!
(Cry of CHLOE, small bang.)
THE DOCTOR: That was inspired. What did you actually do?
DAPHNE: There's a design flaw on that model. The wireless power recharger overloads at certain high frequencies. It isn't generally a problem - unless you make it one.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
DAPHNE: What are we going to do about this flare-up? Most of the key equipment is useless.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, don't worry, I've got the TARDIS now. Hand me that, and that, and that. Thank you.
(Dematerialisation, materialisation.)
DAPHNE: You wanted to move your ship from there to here?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, but I took it the long way round. I've been gone for three weeks, well, three and a bit.
DAPHNE: What?
THE DOCTOR: Time machine, et cetera. Gave me time to repair and improve our systems. I've suspected for a few months if I could get access to the TARDIS's facilities, I could create a reliable automated system for maintaining stability, and I think...
(All the alarms stop.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah. Lovely.

(TARDIS door opened. Inside control room.)
DAPHNE: So Doctor, you're finally free.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, Daphne, finally.
DAPHNE: But what about the war here?
THE DOCTOR: I have some recommendations. We need a ceasefire, a peace accord, changes of leadership and attitude on both sides. I was going to ask you to convey that message.
DAPHNE: You're not going to do it yourself?
THE DOCTOR: This sector's already replaced one corrupt regime with another. Make sure they know I'll be coming back to...

DAPHNE: Check up on them.
THE DOCTOR: To help them, if needs be.
(Electronic trilling of phone.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh. No peace for the Doctor.
DAPHNE: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: It's a distress call, and it's been waiting for some time. The TARDIS must have known I was busy.
LUCIE MILLER: (transmitter) Hello? Doctor?
DAPHNE: That's ... me, isn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: (transmitter) It's me. Lucie.
THE DOCTOR: With all due respect...
LUCIE MILLER: (transmitter) Lucie Miller.
THE DOCTOR: That is the real thing.
LUCIE MILLER: (transmitter) Don't know when, where you'll be receiving this. Maybe you've forgotten all about me, again. But you left this daft gizmo thing behind, so that I could call you if I needed help. Well, I do. We all do. The whole bloomin' human race is in real trouble.